June 12, 1952

Gene Dorsey came up to tell about a woman who has had psychic faculties for years and years. She is the daughter of a very able and well known doctor. Webber. She has faculties of showing magnetic line's of force and their eventual use as power as far as it can be figured out.

On her place near Indio she has a setup where magnetic lines of force definitely show their potential aid to harnessing power.

Mr Dorsey let us hear a tape-recording that he took of the session and explains that he also took moving pictures, which he didn't have along but is willing to show us at any time, though he admits he is not much of a photographer.

He explains on the tape recording how the session April 26, 1952 starts.

"Anna" sits down facing north. In front of her is a round table 30", made of maple, on three legs. Right next to that table, away from Anna, is a similar table. They meet, and being circular just touch at one point, no more. On the table furthest from Anna are three cones made of aluminum foil (it must be quite heavy foil though). Two of them are wider at the top than the bottom, about 24" high, which they consider positive, and the negative pole is 30" high and quite narrow at the top and wider at the bottom. The negative pole stands to the left on the table, the two positive ones are at the right not too close together. On the table near Anna lie two magnetic rocks. She puts her right hand on one. A red light <u>must</u> shine on the tables. It helps to add a yellow <u>and</u> a green or blue, but the red is a must. After a very short while the one positive pole starts to rattle. Mr. Dorsey on the tape recorder explains it is turning around, counter-clockwise.

On the tape it sounds like a rather strong metallic drum, with a certain amount of rhythm, but not enough rhyth to quite catch it. It grows stronger and faster. There is no seance kind of hush about the session. Mr. Dorsey is talking on the tape recorder while this is going on, a child in the background is saying something, a visitor gasps "This is breathtaking." Anna coughs, which Mr. Dorsey tells us, she does quite often during a session but not otherwise. Someone asks if they can put their hand on the moving pole, and on holding it there explains that it feels a strong pulsating force as if there was something living. The pole goes on drumming in its regular rhythm while they hold their hands on it. There is nothing inside.

The session that time lasted 1 hour and 45 minutes. It dies slowly out, gives a few gasps, quiet, then a few again and then quiet. Reminded us of what had been told us about the doodlebug machines that were held in the hand. They seemed to lose their effectiveness when the person who held them got tired.

Also durring this session Mr. Dorsey asked Anna to ask that the speed be made faster, then slower, both of which happened.

He also explained that they put a plant in the middle of the table and the motion made the leaves waver, or blow. That is what he took xxpictures of. We akked him if it had to be dark, quiet or any other mysterioas things, to which he said "definitely no." It can be daylight, and as we ourselves heard there was ordinary conversation going on around. But Anna has to put her right hand on the rocks. The magnetic qualities of the rocks wear out once in a while, and she bathes them and submits them to sunlight to restore it, but once in a while she has to go and get new ones. They went together to the Kaiser mountain near Indio, where Kaiser gets the iron for his foundry at Fontana.

At one point Anna fell, and she couldn't get up. Mr. Dorsey helped her up but it was remarkable how hard it was for her to get off the ground. She usually has no trouble in that way and now the suspicion is that the magnetic qualities held her there. Mr. Dorsey wants to next to weigh people on the mountain and off it and in other ways try to establish the pulling properties of that ~~xpxxixxfx~~ specific mountain.

Gene Dorsey 1037 N Ogden Dr
Res Gr 1935 & Ma 6-0231

Calairco Flameproofing

26 April 1952

Book

Freeman Long
The Magic Behind Miracl[es]

Millikan
Cosmic Rays

NY Alice Bayley grou[p]
lab. research sa[id]

airfields here, Australia. S.A[frica]
purpose. atmk xplg upst
mgnttk lis v k-hol to afctz
O wrs.

Atlantis
Verils old sulzj v nu wrs.
Plato.

Menschel

Mentschl Little Man

Used Little Boy - Little Man -

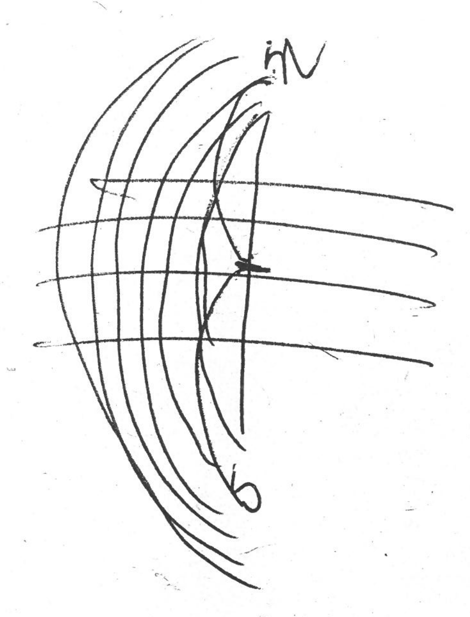
Literal not affectionately

not a man but a mouse -

derogatory -

Doesn't meet

Scully says -
Magnetic data -
reporting on Newton's lecture
and ~~his own~~ views of others




1 × 9 —
2 × 9
3 ~~×~~ ~~9~~
4 × 9
5 × 9
6 × 9
7 × 9
8 × 9
9 × 9




III

This type of disc has a series of blades which are flush with the surface of the disc. The disc is rotated on the ground at a relatively high r.p.m. and suddenly the pitch is turned on in the blades and thus propelling the air from the upper surface of the disc to the lower surface, resulting in a decreased pressure on top of the disc and an increase beneath it, which will lift the disc in a vertical position to any desired altitutde and be actuating the pitch by means of a cyclic pitch acctuator which would control the flight direction of the disc. The disc when flying forward will be tilted (will have a slight nose down tilt) slightly forward which would result in the air underthe disk slipping backward propelling the disc forward.
(incline and decline planes.)

IV

Same type of disc with the same mechanism.

Notes June 12, 1952

Si Newton dropped in to Bedside Manor (June 11) and after the loveliest lamb stew he claimed he had ever eaten in his life, he stretched off on the couch and began telling what was happening between him and Doc. It seems a few days previously Doc had telephone he would be coming to Los Angeles, but his time was so vague that Si told him he would meet him in the Knickerbocker Hotel if and when Doc called. Later Si got a call from Doc's wife saying what plane he would be in on and Si went to the airfield to meet him. Doc said he had to meet some friends but was a little vague about them and when they reached the Knickerbocker Si went up with him to his room. He waited around and Doc called a guy named Harry, who I understand is, the head of Aerassociatés in Akron. Obviously a big shot with lots of contracts his company had made so much money that they were figuring that for tax purposes it might be sensible to invest some of it in Doc's geophysical researches, notably in oil, wildcat operations. Harry had a brother named Jim who was a big wheel in Aeresearch out on Sepulveda Blvd.

Sure enough these men came to see Doc and apparently they were old friends and had worked in the same general field, though not specifically in the same group during the war. ~~FromHarry~~ Si cautiously tried to sound out these men as to just how big Doc had been in this phase of the war effort. Ffom Harry he learned that Doc had built one of the laboratories, the one I think, in Pheonix and had much to do with the one which now adjoins the Municipal Airfield in Los Angeles. Harry, too, confirms, that Doc had done most of the work on the B 36's and that Harry himself had been assigne by Doc to the manufacture of the pressuring of the cabin.

Previously Si said he had learned through Doc that Doc had asked for the release of a few interned German scientists explaining to the War Department that these men knew all German secrets on advanced types of planes and would help him reconstruct what he himself knew from memory of what he had seen in Germany before the war. Doc disclaimed that there was anything very original about B 36, that it was an assembled job and one time Si said he had met a Captain Adams who flew the first B36 with Doc from Los Angeles to Pheonix. This was a side of Doc's career which Si hadn't known up till recently.

He went on to tell about how their magnetronic calculating devices were working and how the machines had been improved and stepped up to such a degree that from the portable little job I saw three years ago they now had two trucks and the calculations of these magnetronic devices was so complete that nothing was left to chance or a man's hand. Together these two machines were worth a quarter of a million dollars and were the property of the Dept of Defense on loan to Doc. Even all his improvements belonged to them.

Si told that these machines could now give in every details every geophysical feature within 6000 feet of where they were put down and a scope attached to the machine gave everything a man could see in a similar area. The only trouble seemed to be that when the operator tired the machine seemed to run down too, and after two or three hours had to be put at rest and allowed to recharge for the day.. The The magnetrons were so sensitive that in certain areas they just blew out like electric fuses on an overloaded circuit. Once six went out in a half an hour. "They cost $60 a piece."

He then told me the story ofa well that due to a partner's having failed to get 6000 feet of pipe cost the partner 3 million dollars for his quarter interest and Si and his associates, including Doc 9 million dollars.

1952

Notes.

On July 2, Wednesday, we got a long distance phone relayed to us from the store at Desert Springs, that a young man who could hardly talk English wanted Frank to call him. He would be at the Brazilian Consulate between 3:30 and 4 p.m. He had also told them he had come especially to California to see Frank. A little while later we got another message relayed to us, that Howard Hurwith wanted us to call him in Chicago. So we went down. First we called Howard who was worried about his son Jimmy, to whom he had given a trip to California as a graduation present, and whom he hadn't heard from since the Monday before last - that was 10 days. We too hadn't heard from him, would be on the lookout.

Then we called the Brazilian Consulate. Lucien Carneiro was the fello who wanted to get in touch with Frank. He was a correspondent from O Cruzeiro in Rio de Janeiro. O Cruzeiro was the magazine which had printed the most talked about pictures of flying saucers on May 17 and 24th. Luciano had an idea and an order to interview Frank, and how could he reach us and which bus could he take. We told him we would be in the following Wednesday. He wasn't going to stay that long, but if no other way could be done he would. Though he would try hard other ways. Frank suggested that Dan and Mrs. Marshall and their two daughters were going to come up the following evening. They were going to take Sylvia up also. So we suggested he telephone Dan Marshall, attorney, find the number in the phonebook, and ask if they had enough room in the car to take him along.

Thursday evening, 10:30 a loaded car pulled up. The Marshalls dropped Luciano and Sylvia and went on to Wrightwood for the night. We put Sylvia up in the studio, turned the living room davenport bed over to Lucian. Hoped he didn't mind his roommate,

two year old Moreen. 6 A.M. found Luciano awake and dressing Moreen, and all day long they were quite inseparable. Luciano had breakfast with us and then took pictures, pictures, everywhere, in all corners. Then the Marshalls came. He helped blow up the portable plastic swimming pool, and then Frank and I retired to the office with L. Frank dictated a letter to his readers, fxx over which Luciano melted with gratitude. Luciano asked questions about Frank's opinion of flying saucers. He himself had been hunting around in America for the last three weeks. He had talked with Mr. Brohman, the science teacher at Denver University who had introduced Si to his class, who gave him a letter, very much sitting on the fence. He had been in Alamogordo (?) and talked with witnesses of the mass flying saucer air invasion that lasted three days. He is of the same opinion as Frank, that not all people can be wrong. That what they see, they see. He talked with shopkeepers and officials and they all explained what they saw. He had been in different parts of the country, he was going to go to Palomar, and to San Francisco. He was really trying to get an honest cross-section of opinion of flying saucers. His magazine was not so intent on proving yes or no. They were intent on proving what was the fact and as much honest opinions as they could get.

In between times around the rancho he would sneak in a corner and read Rogues Gallery. He loved it. He was full of admiration for the way it was written. Claimed he could from now on read 10 books without knowing who had written which, and would be able to tell which one Frank had written. He couldn't say enough of how he admired it.

Toward afternoon it was decided that we would try and find transportation for him home. Meanwhile Frank had written a letter

of introduction for him to Si Newton and directions on how to find him So we left for Wrightwood. They had special summer carnival there. Hillbilly daze they called it, and we figured surely we might find someone going in to Los Angeles. We dropped him off at the gas station to see if he could find an ingoing car while we went scouring around town and asked Father Dempsey if he knew of someone. The agreement was that if he found someone we wouldn't seem him when we got back, if he were still there, we would take him 14 miles further down the road to Cajon Pass where busses came about every hour.

After our tour of town we came back to the gas station. Luciano sat huddled against the wall on the ground, with all his camera equipment next to him, deep in the reading of Behind The Flying Saucer The guy had only spent three weeks in America and didn't really believe that hitchhiking can be done by serious people, much less that it is comme il faut among the best in a town like Wrightwood that has no public bus transportation. So we picked him up and the Marshalls and we drove down to little Cajon, halfwaymark of the Cajon Pass. Just as we pulled up a Greyhoud bus flew past ~~practically~~ positively on wings. I went over to the gas attendant and asked if any of the busses stopped, or did we have to flag them down. His suggestion was to stand in the middle of the road - that way the bus would stop, and then he would get a ride in, either by bus or ambulance. So we decided to try private cars instead. The first car we tried looked at us, got scared, seeing 6 of us were trying to get a ride, not realizing we were all trying for one little nice person to ride in. Then Luciano got brave and walked over to the next car. That was the one in one hundred that turned north to Victorville, rather than south to San

leave him alone, as we were sure he would get a ride within minutes. Besides we had gotten the station attendant to help us find a ride for him with someone filling up on gas. We explained he just didn't know about hitchhiking.

On Wednesday Frank and I went into town and Si called saying Luciano and he were coming up at 4 to have some pictures taken. Luciano, on arrival told us he got a ride with the first car that stopped after we left.

At our house Si Wrote out a letter to Luciano's readers about his view on flying saucers, and hie increased faith in them, even consented to design what he had been told they looked like, and have himself photographed doing it. Luciano asked if he could have a xxxx tape recorded interview with them, which they agreed to, but since he didn't have the recorder with him, made a date for 9:30 next morning. Luciano made a very beautiful - to the ears - introduction in Portuguese, and then asked some very nice, to the point questions and got the fullest cooperation from both Frank and Si. The interview must have taken about 25 minutes by tape.

It was with a positive sadness that we said goodbye to Lucky. A nice, gentle gentleman.

Gossip around Desert Springs and Wrightwood.

We were told about a place way out in the desert where there is regualr communication with saucers. The descripbion was to go to Lucerne Valley, and at the gas station check the speedometer. Go 28 miles. This is out in wildest driest desert. There turn left. Drive 20 miles. That's the place, called Giant Rock. On further ~~chek~~ checkup we found the place was owned and lived in by a retired Lockheed testpilot by the name of Van Tassel. He probably has his own plane so 48 miles into the wilderness means nothing. Seemingly a fireball came around there one time, landed in Van Tassel's lap, gave him insight to mental telpathy between him and them.

sightrip, p. 3 & 4
25 & 6

Notes from visit at Palomar Gardens June 13, 1952

We, Frank and I arrived at Palomar Gardens ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ late afternoon of Friday, June 13. On the way uphill we passed a chemical tank fire truck which arrived a little while after us, to burn off the weeds around Professor Adamski's place. Last year we had arrived just as they were burning it off for that year.

We were taken in, offered some cooling drinks and sat down to a big long gabfest and photographs, letters, clippings etc. We also had brought things along, like letters, the clippings from O Cruziero with the best published, so far, pictures of actual flying saucers in flight.

As the day wore on and the next day wore on, people who Prof Adamski had wanted to meet Frank and vice versa trailed in, as if they had been summoned by telephone - of which there is none of around there, They came from San Diego, Palomar - up on the big top - , Los Angeles Pasadena - it was most amazing.

We were told an Australian scientist - the name was temporarily forgotten but it was the same name as a scientist at Cal Teck - said we are on the end of Milky Way ~~xxxx~~ rather than the middle, which seems to be the more common belif, and are going in the opposite direction of what we usually do.

Some people - a lot of this is gathered through people coming in, and letters and actually scientists - had reason to believe that there was a saucer hideout somewhere around Victorville, toward Desert Springs, where there are some caves. (Now all we've got to do is to find a place with cages.)

We were shown a letter to Adamski by H.N.Dodge (5219 Alameda St, Los Ag

Los Angeles, 42) a very nice letter and telling of a blistering letter he sent to Life as a result of their flying saucer layout. Very much friend of Adamski AND Scully.

There was a long letter from S. Sgt. Herrold Baker, 3715th Training Squadron, Lackland Air Force Base, San Antonio, Tex. (May 26/52) asking Adamski for an introduction to Scully. Also talked about Operation Longhorn in Texas telling about weekly meeting to bring men up to current events (and wasn't it graudally to accept saucers as well?) Also told about a 6 fot saucer that dissolved on hitting the ground.

There was a story from the Buffalo Evening News, April 17, 1952 by Don Brown. (We could get it through Ed Schults? who asked to reprint the 20 questions). The headline was "RCAF Calls Saucers Over Vital Jet Base No Laughing Matter."

There was a few stories from the Christian Science Monitor which actually were libellos of Prof Adamski, and his long and explanatory and most dignified letter to them making them aware of the fact.
Direct transcription of FS notes:
March 15/52. P 3. The Christian Science Monitor Col. 1
Satellite Space Ship Seen Within 15 Years. - Col 2 & 3.
'Photos' of Space Ships Fade Into Fantasy At Mt Palomar. by a Natural Science Correspondent of C. S. Monitor. Herbert. Pasadena.
(Writer is Nicholson. Herbert C. Nichols. Wash News Bur. C.S.Monit
1293 Nat Press Bldg. Wash 4. DC.
April 18 (I believe this was in a letter)to Adamski) Nick claimed st appeared in Washington Star to bolster comic strip of their "Space Cadet."

Adamski had told us months ago that he had now ~~gotten~~ taken a photograph of a space ship with insignia. He tossed it on the table toward us. There is twas. It was a cigar shaped one, with several portholes along the side - more like an airplane without wings, and about the middle of the hull was an insignia in the shape of Saturn. That is the planet with the ring around it.

He also told about a man who came into his cafe a while back. As well as being in the armed forced (I believe it was air force) he was immigration officer somewhere in Alaska. He seemingly had inspected several space ships - some several miles long. Even his two year daughter would go along and was as familiar with space ships as we were with ~~automobiles~~ planes practically. The men were uniform clothing with a little button up toward the right shoulder. When that button is pushed or pulled they are out of their clothes in just that fast. They just fall off. He it was who suggested to Adamski how to go about to catch a picture with insignias. He said that when the weather is overcast they will dip in and out of clouds more readily and after those instructions, Adamski had success.

In came a young man named Norm Goswick, with his wife and three children. He had been hit by the saucer bug quite a while back, had bought himself a good camera and binoculars and wouldn't never take them out of the car so they would always be ready. To introduce Norm and his ability to judge what he saw I have to say he was for years, during the war, precision inspector at Lockheed and knew all the aircraft that zoomed about in the skies. He also spent 330 days in trenches in Germany during the last war and was continuall under aerial warfare, so he must be considered quite a capable person in judging aircraft. A friend of his (Artie Gill) asked him to go along down to Prof. Adamski's on an errand. They live up on the big top, miles above Palomar Gardens.

He jumped into Artie's truck and off they went. When they came to a built up section of a turn in the road popularly called the tin wall Norm saw something fascinating. He hollered for Artie to stop and rushed out. There, somewhat under him, and app 1000 feet away was a big polished aluminum looking round object. It had no dome, no windows that he could see. It slowly glided about 400 feet off the ground. It gave a floating oakleaf impression. Against George Mendenhall's (?) green field app 1½(xxxx½)mile away he estimated it covered about half, and would therefore be about 150 ft across. It was about 1:30 p.m. on the last overcast day app. 5 weeks ago (June 14) which we figured would be about May 10. He saw it for between 30 seconds to a minute. His rahher experienced guess was xbxxt that it's speed was about 200 miles an hour.

Correction. Against the field about 1½ mile away, the saucer was just about half way between him and the field, covering about 20 feet space in the field. He drew an outline of the thing, which turned slightly on edge as it took off.

He also told of a friend who lives at the intersection of the gas station and Lake Hinshaw road on big top. He has a porch on the side of his house, completely glassed in. Inside there is a daybed he will lay down on at times. At about noon one day about 6 months ago he lay down, suddenly saw a ball coming through the trees and over his house. He called to his wife 10 feet away and she raced over to see what agitated him so much. It was gone by then. There also was a similar report earlier than that- but that hadn't been firsthand so he didn't pay so much attention to it. Incidentally Artie at first was willing to corroborate the incident with the flying saucer under the tin wall, then clammed up and wants nothing to do with it at all.

In came a young man from Pasadena. Walter Nelson (709 Mar Vista, Pasadena 6) With him was a young engineer from Cal Tech(Or was it Hughes of Douglas?) and a young boy Jerry from Wichita Kansas, about 15 years old. Mr. Nelson said Jerry had a tale to tell, so we all sat down around a table with cokes,and water. The day was rather warm.

Jerry told about two of his friends and the story they told him. Michael Colberg, 14 or 15 years old and his friend Justus were at the outskirts of Wichita one Sunday last spring. Michael lives on South Chautaqua, will go into Roosevelt school in East Wichita next year. They came across a small saucer which was opend and three little men near by. They made a rush for the little men, grabbed two of them, one each. The third got back into the saucer and took off. They took the little men home. Between 9 and 12 inches tall. Had a jellylike substance instead of clothing or as clothing. Little plastic domes on their heads, a small capsule under their chins. One of the boys placed the little man in front of a bush and took a picture of him. Jerry saw the picture but it wasn't very clear according to Jerry, as the background was rather confusing. Meanwhile the little man got away right after the picture was taken. The other boy took his little man and put him in a pickle jar and poured some solution on to preserve him. The man was alive. He left some holes in the top of the jar, and apparently he didn't fill the solution all the way up. He kept him there for about 5 days. He had made a date with Jerry to come and see him. But meanwhile apparently Michael's mother had gone down in the cellar seen the little man, thrown a fit of hysterics (who could blame her) and demanded that he be taken out. Jerry met up at the arranged meeting place, but Michael didn't. Meanwhile Michael took the

little man in the pickle jar to Professor Von Oppenheim in Wichita. Von Oppenheim is professor of Astronomy. Von Oppenheim apparently fixed the little man up in a plastic cube with a hole in it to feed him through, mostly condensed milk. He stayed there for two weeks and then made his escape. The strange thing is that the cube (well rather a plastic box with top on) was not broken but the man wasn't there. They notified the police. The police apparently picked up one little man - don't know if it was the one from the pickle jar and plasti c cube, or the one that got away after being photographed - after about three days, questioned him, and somehow after a few days the little man died. So the police will not open their mouth on the subject. The little man ~~are~~ is supposed to have told - either Von Oppenheim or the police - that they are from Venus. That there are regular sized men there, and that these small men are incapable of reproducing themselves.

Jerry would estimate that about 4 boys, aside from the two original ones know about this apisode. Michael, apparently stayed away a lot from school during and after this episode. This was around March, 1952

He also told about a ranch in Colorado, about 70 miles from Wichita. Apparently somewhere around 500 saucers have landed there, and there seems to be 30 or 40 little men. Some had died, some were injured. Some people from Wichita -(was it Von Oppenheim?) went over to the ranch, and brought some of the saucers back to ~~the~~ Wichita University(?) The size? 6 of them would fill up the back end of a Ford pickup truck. In all 16 were hauled to Wichita. Others he suspected might have been taken to the University of Denver. There was a Prof of Denver U out at this rancher's place too.

There also was mention of a man outside Philadelphia came upon a group of little ~~mmm~~ men on the highway. They moved in a group, not scattered, into the bushes as the car came along. (Don't know any more on that and it seems rather slim)

Also for discussion was that Ray Bradbury was the most outstanding science fiction writer.

A marvellous science fiction writer is Richardson who is a scietist at Mt. Wilson. He writes under another name. One of his books is "When Worlds Collide." (Easy to check)

There had been a TV program on Ed Sullivan's show with Heard Riddell and they had showed the Brazilian pictures. Drew Pearson was promising to show some amazing thing on his program Sunday 15 June. We weren't home to see it. Haven't heard it shook the world.

One explanation as to the very small saucers, the 2 to 6 ft saucers is that they may be the eyes of big space craft. Like our weather balloons with instruments in them.

Notes. Addition to those of June 13, 1952 from Palomar Gardens.

Attached to this is a clipping from p 12 of the San Bernardino Daily Sun of July 18, 1952. It seems it was a well known mystery, and I remember it well, about a year ago. But the facts don't seem to quite agree with this clipping, or vice versa. Maybe its another story?
The story went that a young man and a nurse left Vail airfield in a plane they just appropriated at the time without permission, ignition keys or airfield checkout. There was hardly any gas in the plane. Despite all these handicaps the young man seemed to start the plane easily and off they went. The young lady was in only shoes and a bathing suit. The young man carried a briefcase - maybe even atomic information. The young lady was known. Her escort nobody seemed to be able to trace.
They landed the airplane somewhere in the desert. Their footprints went about a hundred yards where there were tracks like a three point landing gear would make, which if it were that would have taken off straight up, as their were no tracks, human or machine leaving that point. There was some guessing going around that the escort might have been a space man getting informati from earth and taken off in the saucer again. On checking with the girls' mother in Pasadena ~~xxx~~ she seemed strangely unconcerned about her daughter, but would say nothing beyond that she was not worried, ~~she~~ her daughter was well and happy. Till now nobody seems to have been able to trace them at all, except for this clipping. Would be interesting to check.

PS: Where did you get this story, APS?
PhA Adamski · APS

July 22, 1952 Notes about incident app 2 months ago.
(June 4, 1952)

Several times the ABC newscasters (Steve Markham and Joe Epolito) had been calling Bedside Manor, wanting ~~Frank~~ me to come down to the ABC studio and meet a woman who had quite a story to tell. They wanted Frank, we suspect, as a check and probably also for what added pearls of wisdom he would add. It all goes back to last winter when he called up (That is Joe Epolito) several times and was so persistent in getting an interview. He came up to the house, with a secretary with a notebook. A quite young fellow, Italian, but had studied in India, or under Indians for a few years, and acted and talked and even looked quite oriental. Except in his American go-getting push. He explained that he was among a group - or a few - young men working at ABC on scripts and other things not too sensational. They have a workshop where they can try to do something on their own, and if it is at all good, the studio will let them transcribe it on records, and even run it on the air. If it takes on, they have a program of their own. Epolito was going into the flying saucer business. He had written a script in science fiction form, but he wanted to go further. He wanted to work with Frank and others, dig up all kinds of evidence, all kinds of people and really make a humdinger. He sounded good. Then suddenly he was talking about ~~that~~ doing this for the good of mankind and to get the truth out, and in the next breath hoping to make loads of ~~mix~~ money out of it, and it was put in such a way it sounded like an echo from the guy in San Francisco a year earlier, who also wanted to help, to work under Frank, to chase around, to do it for the sake of truth - to split the profits - and then when he didn't succeed that way, turned around and worked hard and spent money trying to defame certain people who had given Frank some of the data in his book.

Not trying to just bring out the truth, but actually trying to force defamation. I froze like somebody had thrown an ice cube down my back and had to be polite about it. I looked at Frank. It had hit him the same way. Poor Epolito, I don't believe, had any ulterior motives beyond getting what and as much as he could grasp, and he just didn't know what hit him. Somewhat bewildered he left half an hour later.

From time to time he would call, and then one day they called about some new items - see notes May 26, 1952

We went down on June 4 and were ushered into the ABC newsroom and waited for Mrs. Whyeth. She, I understand, is a lady truck driver. When she arrived, both Steve Markham, Joe Epolito and another young man from ABc were there. They asked if any of us minded that they tape recorded the session. Mrs. W. didn't mind, and we didn't if she didn't. She was going to do the talking. She is a fairly young, strong healthy looking woman, quite a rough diamond. She was fed up with government red tape and didn't particularly care what she said or who it might offend. She is an avid science fiction reader and gets her nose into a lot of places and doesn't mind in the slightest if she is heaved out. I finally suggested since she had that terrific yen to find out how things are ticking and nothing can stop her, why doesn't she volunteer her services to the FBI? She rather thought they wouldn't accept her as she had been in trouble a couple of times. Trouble in putting her nose in restricted places. I don't believe that that would be a bad mark against her. It would just show that she was incurable in nosing out things, and rather an asset.

She first started to talk about her brother, a butane gas truck driver, who had as one of his stops to deliver butane gas to Williams Field in Arizona, a little outside of Phoenix. He got through the gates, delivered the butane, and then not far off he saw a flying saucer standing apparently being worked on, though the workers were off somewhere. It looked like its landings gears had been broken off and that they were in process of putting on American landing gears, though the stubs of the broken ones were still on. He stood under it, looking up, and walked around it. Suddenly he got a rather brusque command to get out, and how come he got in anyway and on what business was he in a closely restricted area. His credentials were in order, the only thing was he shouldn't snoop around, and of course, the guards should have been on watch. It seems there is a button in this saucer that nobody dares press. The saying goes that if it is pressed it will blow up the whole world, which nobody seems to want to do quite yet. How they know about this button is open to conjecture.

Rest of notes added to Blueprint of book

This brother is now in the Navy, I believe driving a truck at North Island in San Diego.

Another brother of hers is a Navy pilot and he, she claims, is beeing groomed to be on the first expedition to the moon.